



THE
CHRISTMAS BOOK

By

Hezekiah Butterworth

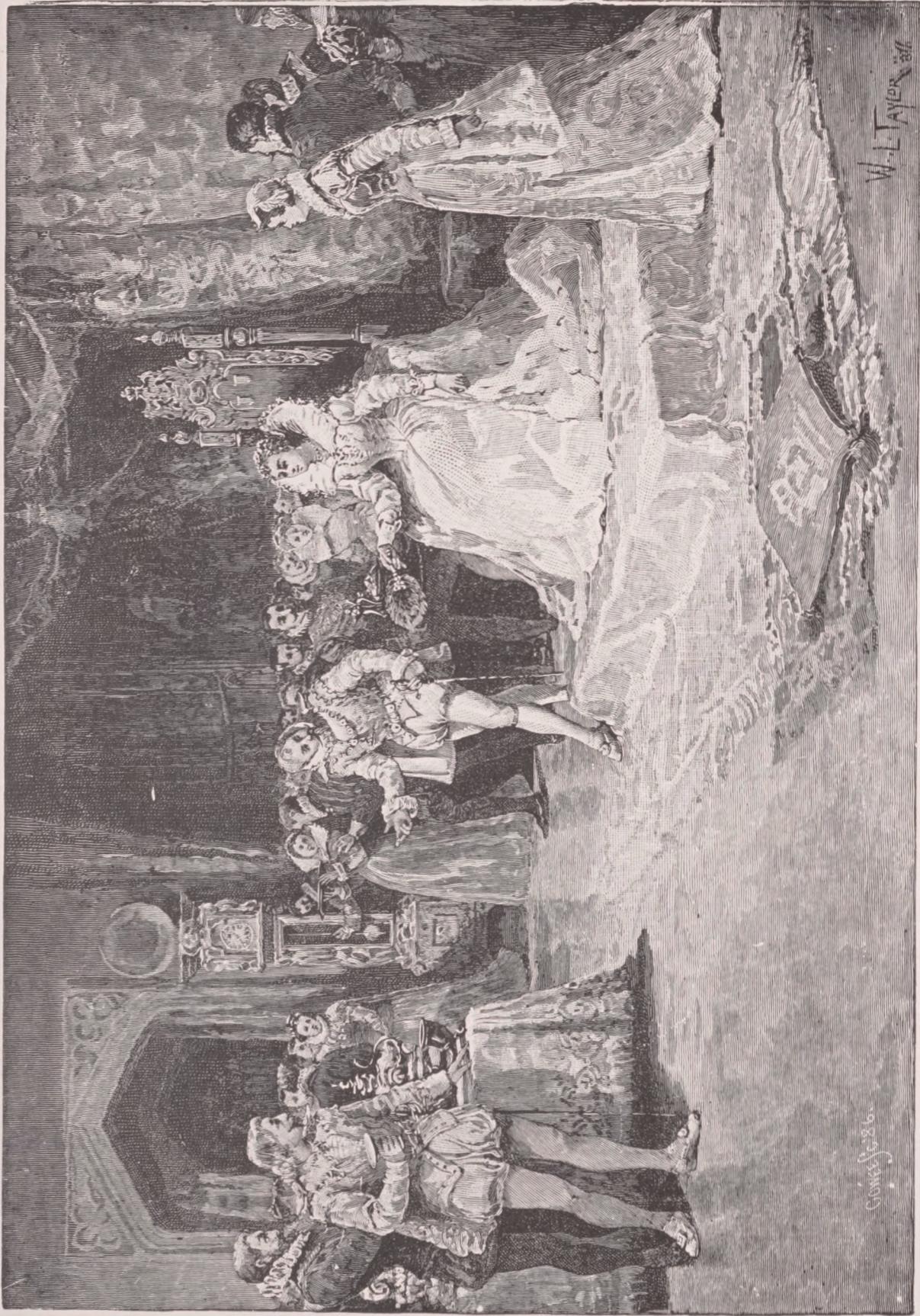
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



“AND NOW LET THE COURTLIEST KNIGHT OF ALL
LEAD THY JEWELLED FEET TO THE BANQUET HALL.”

THE CHRISTMAS BOOK

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

*FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. TAYLOR,
EDMUND H. GARRETT, F. H. LUNGREN, AND OTHERS.*



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP COMPANY
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THE CHRISTMAS BOOK

WASHINGTON - WASHINGTON

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HOW DOT HEARD "THE MESSIAH."

(A Christmas Story.)

THE church was vast and dim. The air was fragrant with pine boughs, and over the golden cross of the chancel hung heavy wreaths of box and fir. A solitary light shone in front of the organ.

Little feet were heard on the stairs leading to the orchestra. A door in the organ case opened quietly and was about to close, when a voice was heard:

"Is that you, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you come so early? It is nearly an hour before the rehearsal begins. The little bellows room must be a rather lonely place to wait an hour."

"I always come early," said the boy, timidly.

"So I have noticed. Why?"

"Mother thinks it best."

"Come out here, and let me talk with you. I have sung in the choir nearly a year, and have hardly had a glimpse of you yet. Don't be bashful! Why, all the music would stop if it were not for you, Dot. Our

grandest Christmas anthem would break into confusion if you were to cease to *blow*. Come here. I have just arrived in the city, and have come to the church to wait for the hour of rehearsal. I want company. Come, Dot."

The little side door of the organ moved: a shadow crept along in the dim light towards the genial-hearted Tenor.

"Do you like music, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that what makes you come so long before the rest?"

"No, sir."

"What is it, then?"

"I have a reason—mother would not like to have me speak of it."

"Do you sing?"

"Yes, at home."

"What do you sing?"

"The parts I hear you sing."

"Tenor, then?"

"Yes."

"Will you sing for me?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

"I will sing, '*Hark, what mean?*'"

"Rossini — an adaptation from *Cujus Animam.*" The boy did not understand.

"Well," said the Tenor, "I beat time — now, Dot." A flute-like voice floated out into the empty edifice, silvery, pure, rising and falling through all the melodious measures of that almost seraphic melody. The Tenor leaped to his feet, and stood like one entranced.

He listened. The voice fell in wavy cadences:

"Heavenly Hallelujahs rise."

Then it rose clear as a skylark, with the soul of inspiration in it:

*"Hear them tell that sacred story,
Hear them chant" —*



DOT.

The Tenor with a nervous motion turned on the gas-light.

The boy seemed affrighted, and shrank away towards the little door that led to the bellows room.

"Boy!"

"Sir?"

"There is a fortune in that voice of yours."

"Thank you, sir."

"What makes you hide behind that bench?"

"You won't tell, sir?"

"No; I will befriend any boy with a voice like *that*."

The boy approached the singer and stood beside him.

He said not a word, but only looked toward his feet.

The Tenor's eyes followed the boy's.

He saw it all, but he only said tenderly: "Dot!"

A chancel door opened. An acolyte came in, bearing a long gas-lighter: he touched the chandeliers and they burst into flame. The cross glimmered upon the wall under the Christmas wreaths; the alabaster font revealed its beautiful decorations of calla lilies and smilax; the organ glowed with its tall pipes, and carvings and cherubs.

The first flash of light in the chancel found Dot hidden in his little room with the door fast closed behind him.

What a strange place it was! A dim light fell through the open carvings of the organ case. Great wooden pipes towered aloft with black mouths—like dragons. Far, far above in the arch was a cherub, without a body—a golden face with purple wings. Dot had looked at it for hours, and wondered.

He sat looking at it to-night with a sorrowful face. There were other footsteps in the church, sounds of light happy voices.

Presently the bell tinkled. The organist was on his bench. Dot grasped the great wooden handle; it moved up and down, up and down, and then the tall wooden pipes with the dragon mouths began to thunder around him. Then the chorus burst into a glorious strain, which Dot the year before had heard the organist say was the "Midnight Mass of the Middle Ages":

*"Adeste fideles
Læti triumphantes,
Venite,
Venite,
In Bethlehem!"*

The great pipes close at hand ceased to thunder. The music seemed to run far away into the distance, low, sweet and shadowy. There were sympathetic solos and tremulous chords. Then the tempest seemed to

come back again, and the luminous arch over the organ sent back into the empty church the jubilant chorus :

*“ Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Dominum.”*

After the anthem there were solos. The Tenor sang one of them, and Dot tried to listen to it as he moved the handle up and down. How sweet it sounded to Dot's ears! It came from a friendly heart — except his mother's it was the only voice that had ever spoken a word of sympathy or praise to the poor bellows boy.

The singers rested, laughed and talked. Dot listened as usual in his narrow room.

“ I came to the church directly from the train,” said the Tenor, “ and amused myself for a time with Dot. A wonderful voice that boy has.”

“ Dot ? ” said the precentor.

“ Yes : the boy that blows the organ.”

“ O, yes ! I had forgotten. I seldom see him,” said the precentor. “ Now I think of it, the sexton told me some weeks ago that I must get a new organ boy another year : he says this one — Dot, you call him ? — comes to the church through back alleys, and goes to the bellows room as soon as the church is open and

hides there until service time, and that his clothes are not decent to be seen in a church on Sunday. Next Sunday begins the year — I must see to the matter."

"He does his work well?" asked the Alto, with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

"Yes."

"Would it not be better to get him some new clothes, than to dismiss him?" she asked.

"No. Charity is charity, and business is business. Everything must be first-class here. We cannot have ragamuffins creeping into the church to do church work. Of course, I should be glad to have the boy supplied with clothes. That is another thing. But we must have a different person in the bellows box. The sexton's son is bright, dresses well, and I have no doubt would be glad of the place. — Now we will sing the anthem, '*Good-will to men.*'"

The choir and chorus arose. The organist tinkled the bell, and bent down on the pedals and keys. There was a ripple of music, a succession of short sounds, and — silence.

The organist touched the knob at the side of the key-board, and again the bell tinkled. His white hands ran over the keys, but there issued no sound.

He moved nervously from the bench, and opened the little door.

"Dot?"

No answer.

"The boy is sick or faint."

The Tenor stepped into the room and brought out a limp figure.

"Are you sick, Dot?"

"Yes, sir; what will become of mother?"

"He heard what you said about dismissing him," said the Alto to the precentor.

"Yes; but the sexton was right. Look at his shoes — why, his toes are sticking through them."

"And this bitter weather!" said the Alto, feelingly.

"Can you blow, Dot?"

"No, sir; it is all dark, sir. I can't see, sir. I can't but just stand up, sir. You won't dismiss me, sir? mother is lame and poor, sir — paralyzed, sir: that's what they call it — can't use but one hand, sir."

"This ends the rehearsal," said the precentor in an impatient way. "Dot, you needn't come to-morrow, nor till I send for you. Here's a dollar, Dot — charity — Christmas present."

One by one the singers went out, the precentor bidding the sexton have a care that Dot was sent home.

The Alto and the Tenor lingered. Dot was recovering. "I shall not hear the music to-morrow. I do love it so."

"You poor child, you shall have your Christmas music to-morrow, and the best the city affords. Do you know where Music Hall is, Dot?"

"Yes, lady."

"There is to be an oratorio there to-morrow evening — *The Messiah*. It is the grandest ever composed, and no singing in America is equal to it. There is one chorus called the 'Hallelujah Chorus' — it is wonderful: the man who composed it thought he heard the angels singing and saw the Lord of Heaven, when he was at work upon it; and *he* is to be the first tenor singer, and *I* am to sing the altos — wouldn't you like to go, Dot?"

"Yes, lady. Is the man who composed it to be the tenor singer — the one who heard the angels singing, and thought he saw the Lord?"

"No, Dot: *he* is to be the tenor singer."

"*I*, Dot," said the Tenor.

"I have a ticket for the upper gallery, which I will give him," said the Alto. "A friend of mine bought it, but I gave her a seat on the floor, and kept this for — well, for Dot."

The Tenor talked low with the lady.

"Here is a Christmas present, Dot." He handed Dot a bill.

"And here is one for your mother," said the Alto, giving Dot a little roll of money.

Dot was better now. He looked bewildered at his new fortune.

"Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir. Are you able?" The Alto laughed.

"Yes, Dot. I am to receive a hundred dollars for singing to-morrow evening. I shall try to think of you, Dot, when I am rendering one of the passages — perhaps it will give me inspiration. I shall see you, Dot — under the statue of Apollo."

The sexton was turning off the lights in the chancel. He called Dot. The church grew dimmer and dimmer, and the great organ faded away in the darkness. In the vanishing lights the Alto and Tenor went out of the church, leaving Dot with the sexton.

It was Sabbath evening — Christmas.

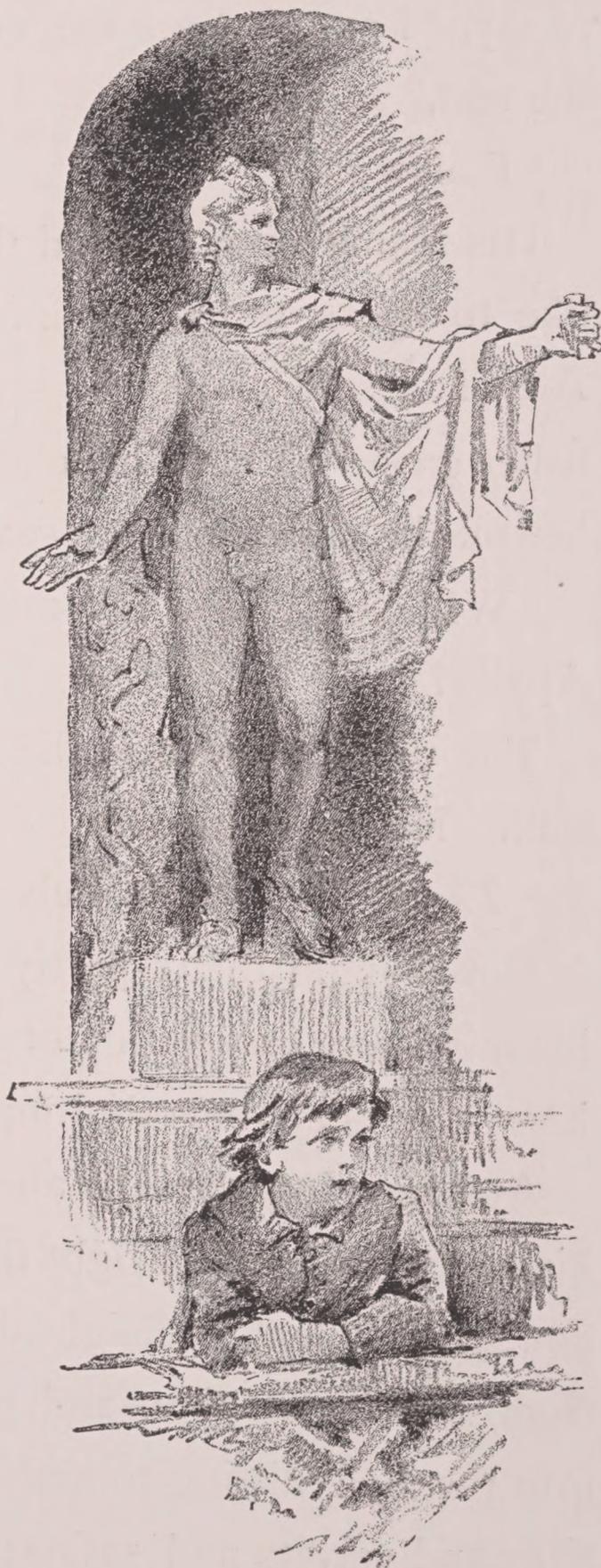
Lights glimmered thickly among the snowy trees on the Common; beautiful coaches were rolling through the crowded streets.

Dot entered Music Hall timidly through a long pas-

sage through which bright, happy faces were passing, silks rustling, aged people moving sedately and slowly, and into which the crowds on the street seemed surging like a tide. Faces were too eager with expectation to notice *him* or his feet. At last he passed a sharp angle in the long passage, and the great organ under thousand gas-jets burst upon his view. An usher at one of the many lower doors looked at his ticket doubtfully:

"Second gallery—back."

Dot followed the trailing silks up the broad flights of stairs, reached the top, and asked another usher to show him his seat. The young man whom Dot addressed had



DOT HAS NEVER HEARD SUCH MUSIC
BEFORE.

that innate refinement of feeling that marks a true Boston gentleman. He gave Dot a smile, as much as to say, "I am glad *you* can enjoy all this happiness with the rest," and said:

"Follow me."

His manner was so kind that Dot thought he would like to speak to him again. He remembered what the Alto had said about the statue of Apollo, and as the usher gave him back his check and pointed to the number on the check and the seat, Dot said:

"Will you please tell me, sir, which is the statue of Apollo?"

The usher glanced at the busts and statues along the wall. He spoke kindly:

"*That* is the Apollo Belvedere."

Dot thought that a pretty name; it did not convey to his mind any association of the Vatican palace, but he knew that some beautiful mystery was connected with it.

And now Dot gazes in amazement on the scene before him. In the blaze of light the great organ rises resplendently, sixty feet in height, its imposing façade hiding from view its six thousand pipes. People are hurrying into the hall, flitting to and fro; young ladies in black silks and velvets and satins; old men — where were so many men with white hair ever seen before? stately



THE ALTO STOOD LOOKING STEADILY AT DOT.

men with thin faces, bald — teachers, college professors. Tiers of seats in the form of half a pyramid rise at either end of the organ. These are filling with the chorus — sopranos and altos in black dresses and white shawls, tenors and basses in black coats, white neck-ties and kids. In front, between the great chorus, rises a dark statue, and around this, musicians are gathering — players on violins, violas, violencellos, contra basses, flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, horns; the pyramidal seats fill; the hall overflows; the doors are full, the galleries. The instruments tune. A dark-haired man steps upon the conductor's stand, he raises his baton; there is a hush, then half a hundred instruments pour forth the symphony.

Dot listens. He has never heard such music before; he did not know that anything like it was ever heard on earth. It grows sweeter and sweeter:

"Comfort ye."

Did an angel speak? The instruments are sweeter now:

"Comfort ye my people."

Did that voice come from the air?

Dot listens and wonders if this is earth:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God, saith your God."

Dot sees a tall man standing alone — in front of the musicians — is it he that is singing? Dot gazes upon his face with wide eyes. It is *he* — and *he* is the Tenor who had befriended him the night before.

What music followed when the chorus arose and sang:

"Every valley shall be exalted!"

Dot hears the grand music sweep on, and he feels, as all feel, that the glorious Messiah is about to appear. He sees a lady in white satin and flashing jewels step forward: he hears a ripple of applause, and a voice full of strength and feeling sings:

"O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Dot knows that voice. Will indeed she lift her eyes to him?

No, she does not. She sits down, the hall ringing with applause. She rises, bows, but she does not look toward the statue of Apollo, near which Dot is sitting.

Dot hears dreamy music now, more enchanting than any before it. The great audience do not stir, or move a fan, or raise a glass. It grows more ethereal; it seems now but a wavy motion in the air. He hears a lady near whisper:

He shall feed his flock like a shep - - - herd, and he shall gath - er the

lamb with his arm, with..... his arm; He shall feed his flock like a

shep - - - herd, and he shall gath - er the lambs with his arm, with..... his arm,

and car - ry them in his bo - som, and gent - ly lead those.... that

are with young, and gent - ly lead, and gent - ly lead those that are with young.

"The Pastoral symphony."

The Alto has risen again. She stands out from the great chorus — what a beautiful figure! The dark-haired man lifts his baton: the lady turns her face toward the upper gallery. Her eyes wander for a moment; they rest on — Dot.

There was no applause now. Tears stood in the Alto's eyes — tears stood in the eyes of every one. There was a deep hush and tears, and in the silence the Alto stood looking steadily at — Dot.

There was a rustle in the hall — it grew. The silence was followed by a commotion that seemed to rock the hall. The applause gathered force like a tempest.

Then the beautiful lady looked towards Dot, and sang again the same wonderful air, and all the hall grew still, and people's eyes were wet again.

The Hallelujah Chorus with its grand fugues was sung, the people rising and standing with bowed heads during the majestic outpouring of praise.

It is ended now — faded and gone. The great organ stands silent in the dark hall; the coaches have rolled away, the clocks are striking midnight.

"I have come to congratulate you before retiring," said our Tenor to the Alto, as he stepped into the

parlor of the Revere House. "To-night has been the triumph of your life. Nothing so moved the audience as "*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.*"

"Do you know to what I owed the feeling that so inspired me in that air?"

"No."

"It was poor little Dot in the gallery. You teach music, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You are about to open a school?"

"Yes."

"Give Dot a place as office boy — errand boy — something. It will lift a weight from my heart."

"I had thought of it. He has a beautiful voice."

"I might get him a place in a choir."

Fifteen years have passed. The old Handel and Haydn Society have sung *The Messiah* fifty, perhaps sixty times. The snows of December are again on the hills. The grand oratorio is again rehearsing for the Sabbath evening before Christmas.

A new tenor is to sing on the occasion — he was born in Boston, has studied in Milan, and has achieved great triumphs as an interpreter of sacred music in London and Berlin.

The old hall is filled again. The symphony has begun its dulcet enchantment; the Tenor, with a face luminous and spiritual, arises, and with his first notes thrills the audience and holds it as by a spell:

"Comfort ye."

He thought of the time when he first heard those words. He thought of the hearts whose kindness had made him a singer. Where were they? Their voices had vanished from the choirs of earth, but in spirit those sweet singers seemed hovering around him.

"Comfort ye my people."

He looked, too, toward the Apollo on the wall. He recalled the limp bellows boy who had sat there sixteen years ago. How those words then comforted him! How he loved to sing them now!

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."

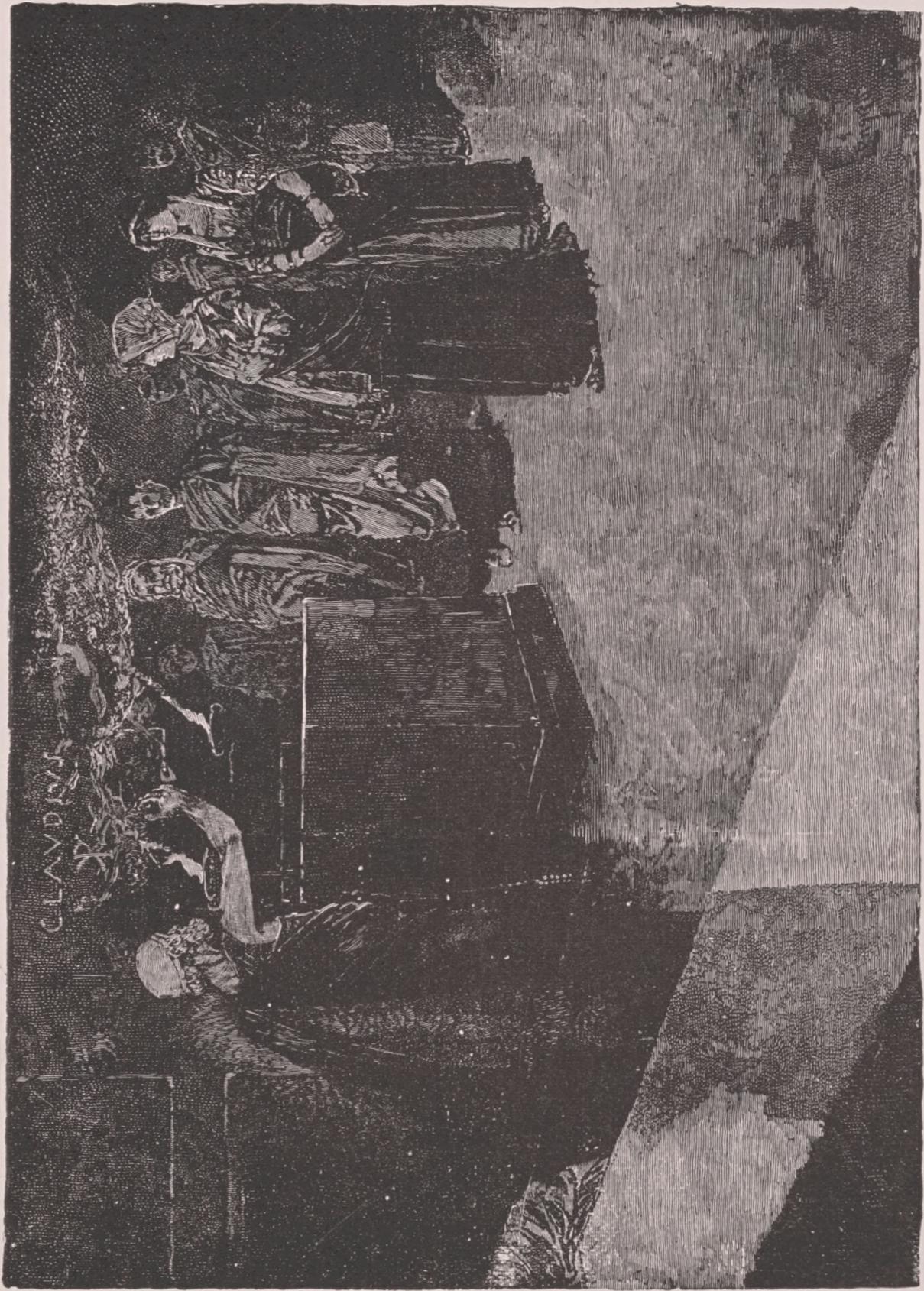
It was Dot.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CATACOMBS,

A. D. 176.

IT had been a day of Rome in her glory — the Saturnalia. Through the imperial streets had passed grand pageants. Aurelian had returned from his conquests. The Temple of Janus was closed; banners of peace filled the air. Aurelian feasted in the Capitol. At the tables sat nobles and peasants; all were equal on that one day.

Let us turn to the gloomy quarries under the Campagna. Along the Appian Way of monuments and palaces, in removing the stone for building, there had been created countless caverns where from early periods criminals had taken refuge. Latterly these cells had been secretly used as chapels by the persecuted Christians; and here to-night — hard by the blazing and drunken city — these proscribed men and women were gathering to celebrate the birth of the Lord. Torches flamed on the damp walls, revealing the rude inscriptions on many a martyr's tomb. After the Feast of Charity, an old man rose in their midst — the venerable Alexander.



IN THE CATACOMBS, A. D. 176.

His name was on the list of the condemned for whom the Roman officers were seeking. He pointed upward: "The roof of stone hides the stars, but they shine; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars of heaven. I know that when the Saturnalia passes, I shall be given to the beasts. But the hosts of the righteous shall increase, shining in their beauty, and Bethlehem's Star shall never set."

Even so. When the Saturnalia came again, and the Christians gathered again in the stone chambers to celebrate the birth of Jesus, on the martyrs' record along the smoky wall were new names — among them the aged Alexander's.

THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE, A. D. 312.

ROME has suffered mighty changes. It is no longer the Rome of Aurelian, no longer the temple place of heathen gods.

But the Bethlehem Star still shines.

More than three hundred years have now passed away since its mysterious ray led the Magi to the Redeemer's cradle. Constantine, Rome's emperor now, has seen the failure of the gods of Rome and Athens. He has been forced to ponder, forced to believe that the faith of the persecuted Christians in a God, one and invisible, and in his Crucified Son, may be the true faith of the world.

In this year, 312, he had seen the Vision which was to change the state of the world. That ancient historian who received the narrative from Constantine's own declaration, thus describes this most wonderful event of Christian History :

The army arriving near Rome, the emperor was employed in devout ejaculations. It was the twenty-seventh of October, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sun was declining, when there suddenly appeared a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with this plain inscription :



THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE, A. D. 312.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. [In this sign thou shall conquer.]

The emperor was amazed. The cross and sign blazed before the eyes of the whole army.

Early the next morning, Constantine informed his officers that Christ had appeared to him in the night, with the cross in his hand, and commanded him to make the cross the royal standard. The officers were ordered to construct a cross, and a standard. The standard was made thus:

A long spear, plated with gold, with a transverse piece at the top, in the form of a cross, to which was fastened a four-square purple banner, embroidered with gold and beset with precious stones which reflected the highest luster; above the cross was a crown overlaid with gold and jewels, within which was placed the sacred symbol, the two first letters of the name of Christ in Greek.

Under this standard, October 29, 312, Constantine defeated the Roman Emperor, Maxentius, on the banks of the Tiber. He entered Rome in triumph, bearing aloft the cross. The Christians hailed it with acclamations, and a joyful public Christmas followed.

The Saturnalia became the Festival of the Nativity.

The ancient pagan shrines vanished, or they glowed with the holy lights of the new and triumphant faith — the beautiful Bethlehem Star shining over all.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA, A. D. 432.

NEW temples have arisen in Rome. They uplift the cross. The golden season of the Saturnalia comes and goes, but the Festival of Christ is celebrated instead. Rome is filled with holy rejoicing, the Roman children sing of the Star of Bethlehem, masses are chanted — the heathen festival has become Christmas.

The Church, mighty in its faith, is praying for the conversion of the world. Missionaries go forth into all the provinces of the vast Roman Empire.

About the year 432, St. Patrick made a holy journey. He came to Ireland. He found the people idolaters, worshiping under the oaks, their bards and poets ignorant of the true God; and as St. Patrick was a singing prophet and teacher, the simple folks of Ireland, ever deeply stirred by song and eloquence, listened to him. They were moved by the beautiful story of Christ, and the hope of an eternal life. Thousands were baptized into the new faith. Churches sprung up over the green land as if by magic. St. Patrick preached in Ireland for some thirty years, and we cannot wonder that the



ST. PATRICK AT TARA, A. D. 432.

Irish people still recall his mission with love, and speak of him with reverence.

The scene of his greatest triumph was Tara. There he instituted the wonderful Christmas festivals of Rome. There his grand missionary anthems were inspired. According to tradition, he first sang his memorable hymn, *Christ be with me*, on one of the religious Christmases in the royal halls of Tara. It is a rapture of devotion and consecration :

To Tara to-day may the strength of God pilot me,
May the power of God preserve me ;
May the wisdom of God instruct me ;
May the eye of God view me ;
May the ear of God hear me ;
May the word of God make me eloquent ;
May the hand of God protect me ;
May the way of God direct me ;
May the shield of God defend me ;
Christ be with me,
Christ on my right hand,
Christ on my left hand,
Christ in the heart of all to whom I speak,
Christ in the mouth of all who speak to me,
Christ in the eye of all who see me,
Christ in the ear of all who hear me.



THE SNOW BIRD.

IN the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush, in the roses below;
The meadow lark sings in the meadow,
But the snow bird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snow bird sings in the snow!

The blue martin trills in the gable,
The wren, in the gourd below;
In the elm, flutes the golden robin,
But the snow bird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snow bird sings in the snow!

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
The wing of the sparrow drops low;
In the mist dips the wing of the robin,
And the snow bird's wing in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snow bird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush, below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snow bird's heart in the snow;

But dearest to me,

Chickadee! Chickadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

THE CONVERSION OF THE FRANKS,

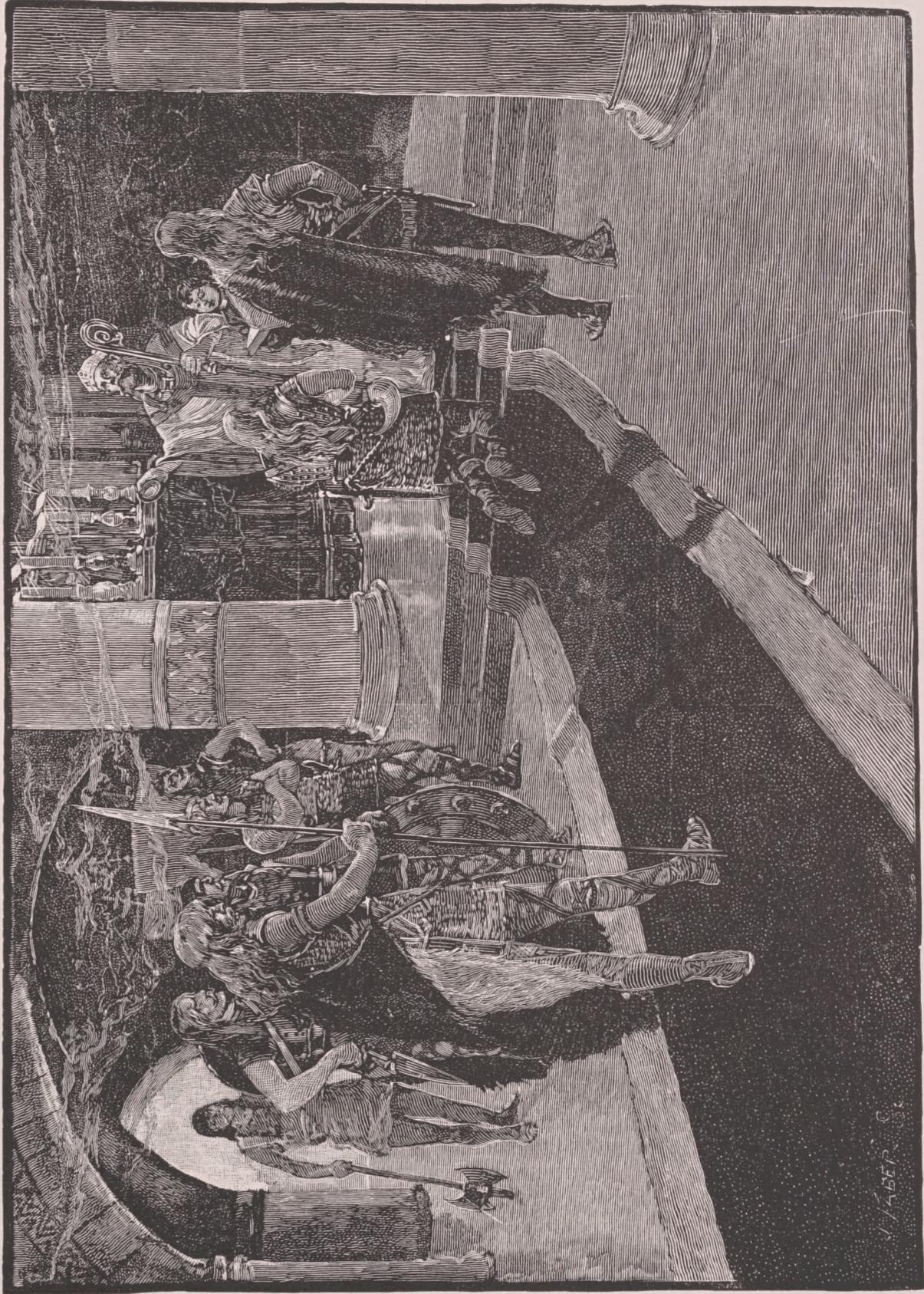
A. D. 496.

THERE lived in Geneva, near the close of the fifth century, a most beautiful Christian girl. She was called the loveliest woman in the world. She was also beautiful in character, and spent her time in works of charity.

Clovis, King of the Franks, heard of the beauty of Clotilde. According to the old story, he sent a noble Roman, Aurelian, commissioning him, if he found her loveliness as great as her fame, to woo her for him, and bring her to Rheims, the Frankish capital. Aurelian went to Geneva clothed in rags. He appeared before the fair Clotilde as a beggar. She received him with pity. Kneeling, she began to wash his feet.

“Lady,” said Aurelian, “I would speak to thee. I am no mendicant,” said he. “I am a king’s ambassador. King Clovis desires to make thee his queen. Wilt thou take and wear this ring?”

Clotilde put upon her finger the jewel of Clovis; and by the act she made the France of the future one of the Christian empires of the world.



THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS, RHEIMS, A. D. 496.

In 496, a German army crossed the Rhine, warring upon Clovis. The great battle of Cologne was fought. At a point of the battle the Franks were in much peril. Clovis called upon his gods. But the danger of defeat grew—the Franks were hard pressed. Then Aurelian, who had won for Clovis his beautiful wife, cried: “Call on the God whom the queen preacheth, my lord King!”

Clovis lifted his face toward the sky. “Christ Jesus, thou whom my queen calleth the Son of the Living God, if thou wilt help, I will proclaim thy name, and be baptized!” prayed this king.

The Germans were beaten, their king slain.

That was a grand Christmas in Rheims, 496. It celebrated the conversion of the Franks. The way from the palace to the baptistery was hung in silk and gold. The clergy led the way with crosses and standards, reading the gospels and chanting psalms. Then came the bishop leading the king by the hand and followed by the meek and beautiful queen. The king and royal household were baptized, and an army of three thousand Franks, and a multitude of women and children. The stars beamed brightly that night over Gaul and the Rhine. The Star of Bethlehem shone in its holy place. The kingdoms of earth were becoming the kingdoms of Christ.

GOOD LUCK.

(A Christmas Story.)

GOOD LUCK'S father was an old bread-cart man. He drove a horse named "Molly" that used to jog along from house to house in the country road, *jingle, jingle, jingle*, her harness tied up with tow strings



"MOLLY."

and toggles; a faithful steady old creature that was never known to run away. After some years' service "Molly" learned "to go without driving," as the people used to say. She would start from the old red bakery, *jingle, jingle, jingle*, and stop regularly at every house, without a "whoa" or a pull at the much-mended

reins. Her mission was to supply the good people all with crackers and cookies and gingerbread; she seemed to understand the dignity of her work; no other horse in

the town was honored with carrying seven bells on his harness all the year, and to trot along with a *jingle, jingle, jingle*. Old Molly seemed to comprehend it all.

Her good master's name was Fayerweather; a kindly man that baked crackers and cookies and gingerbread during the week, and slept in church on Sundays after he passed the contribution box. His wife Dorothea, or "Dorothy" as she was called, was a simple, good woman, and the two might have become quite well to do in life, if she had not been quite so free in distributing crackers, cookies and gingerbread in charity among certain hard-working people of the neighborhood. She was always "sendin' things," as the good people expressed it, to the poor and the sick.

"I wouldn't never see anybody suffer," she used to say; "'tain't in my nature; lor, husband, 'twill all come back again some day; nobody will ever live to see Good Luck begging bread."

"Good Luck!" And who was "Good Luck"? He was their little hunchbacked boy, their only child. He had a beautiful face, quick wit, and a warm, generous heart, and everybody loved him; but, poor fellow, he was, as the people said, a "little humpback."

It deeply grieved the heart of Dorothy when she came to realize her little boy's deformity. When the

time came to name the child, his father called him Henry, but his mother "Good Luck."

"I believe in sending a child out into the world with a good name," said she. "Good Luck is a name that will make the people look kindly upon him when I am laid away in the old buryin' ground, without a grave-stone." Dorothy was a wise woman in this. So little Henry began to be called by the neighbors "Good Luck," greatly to the delight of Dorothy, and after a time he was known by no other name.

At last industrious Mr. Fayerweather died, and Good Luck was left to drive the old red bread-cart, *jingle, jingle, jingle*. Dorothy continued to bake, and to give away almost as many crackers and cookies as she sold, and it greatly delighted the generous heart of Good Luck to carry these gifts to their friends.

He received many returns — apples, pears, peaches and vegetables.

"Take all they offer you," said wise Dorothy. "That is the way to be loved. They love you best who do the most for you. The heart loves those it helps, and hates those it injures. Always let people do for you, if you want them to love you, and never let them stop lest their love should fail."

One day a great misfortune befell the widow. Poor

old "Molly" was found dead, after thirty years of usefulness, and Dorothy gave away the seven musical bells, and the old harness, with all of its tow strings and toggles.

"Now I must support myself by knittin'," she said to Good Luck, "and I am goin' to teach you how to knit, and we will help each other. We must believe that everything that happens is for the best since we do not know anything and cannot see the end; so the book of Job teaches, and I do think that book is the best book of poetry in all the world."



MRS. FAYERWEATHER AND "GOOD LUCK."

So the quiet old lady and her boy used to be seen sitting in the door of the little red cottage under the woodbine and hop-vine, knitting, knitting.

They were very happy. They used to talk of those prosperous days when old "Molly" made musical the air of the country roads lined with locust-trees and apple-trees, and good Mr. Fayerweather was the baker of the town week-days and passed the contribution box Sundays, and on the latter days rested in his cool country pew.

"It makes me glad to think that I gave away so much," Dorothy used to say. "All that we have to make the soul happy is what we have given away. I wish I had given away more — I should have been a great deal happier, and you, Good Luck, would have been a deal better off. There's nothing like a good name and good will in this world. Don't you never worry, Good Luck, when I am gone. The Lord is our Father, and he owns the universe, and it makes me feel very rich. He'll remember the crackers I gave away, and will always take care of you, Good Luck. Wait and see."

One day, when the world was full of summer sunshine, and the orioles were singing their happiness among the cool old trees, and the bobolinks were toppling amid the

dewy clover, the two sat knitting together. Suddenly Dorothy's arm fell.

"I feel strange," said she. "Good Luck, my darling child! I am paralyzed. I shall never knit any more. Go for the neighbors."

The neighbors came running. They brought her water from the old well — cordials, cake, flowers — all came running with something.

"I sha'n't live long," said Dorothy, "and I am goin' to prophesy: Everybody that is good to Good Luck and gives him a home will be prosperous and happy; the Lord told me so. Now help me to my bed — I shall never go about again."

She lay sick during the beautiful June days. Her bed was covered with gifts from many hands: roses and lilies from the children, and food in abundance from those she had helped feed in the happy years gone by.

There are people whose consciences are so quiet, that we feel the peace of their presence, and so it was with Dorothy. Her sick room was a delightful place, and the neighbors never left her.

One day in July, when the birds were singing in all the trees, she said: "I think I'll have to go now — the Lord has called me; always be good to Good Luck and the Lord will bless you" — and she turned her head

aside, and when they went to her she was dead, and the birds sang on as before.

What was to become of Good Luck?

After the funeral the neighbors returned to the old red cottage, and sat down on the decayed door-steps under the hop-vine to discuss the subject.

“His mother prophesied before she died,” said brisk Aunt Betty Pringle, “that anybody that gave him a roof would always have happiness and prosperity. The Lord told her so, and he knew. I’ll take him, just to drive trouble away. What do ye say, Good Luck?”

Good Luck said nothing. He did not like to be adopted because he was supposed to be a good fairy. He stood silent with a great emptiness in his heart.

“I’ll take him,” said a farmer’s wife, “because his mother used to give me cookies, and always was good to me when I was sick.”

“So will I,” said another.

“And I,” said another.

Good Luck’s face brightened, and his empty heart began to fill with love for everybody.

“What do you say, Good Luck?” asked the wife of the Esquire.

“This is a good world,” said the boy; “it is all so good that I do not know what to say.”

“I will take you,” said the last-named lady, “because your mother was so good to everybody. We have a great house, and plenty of room, and I will send you to school. What do you say?”

Good Luck began to cry, but he only said, “The people are all so good. I wish mother was here to see.”

“I would like to take the boy,” said sad-faced Mrs. Poore, “because the old bread-cart once tided us over so many troubles when we were so unfortunate. I always loved the boy, and I lost my best friend when his mother died. My heart wants him, but I am the poorest woman in the town, and husband is lame, and is the most unlucky person in the world, always meeting with accidents and losses. You wouldn’t like to go with me, would you, Good Luck?”

Good Luck stood silent. The people all were silent, though the robins kept singing in the old trees.

“Yes,” said Good Luck, crying; “that is what my heart says — yes.”

“Then come right along; I’ll always be good to you; I wonder what husband will say now?” They stopped only to lock the door of the old red cottage, and to gaze for a moment on the late good Mrs. Fayerweather’s empty bed, and then they went away, Good Luck holding Mrs. Poore by the hand, and all the birds were singing.

“ I’ll tell you what it is,” said the Deacon’s wife as the two disappeared down the bushy road, “ I do believe the boy will bring good luck to that unlucky family, and make the Poores rich some day. Wait and see.”

The Poores lived in a bit of a house among the lilac bushes, at one end of a great pasture, in a by-lane, all out of the way. They had never been able to live in any better place. They had two children, “ Jimmy and Jenny,” as the latter were known.

Mr. Poore was lame. He had always been meeting with accidents. He was hoeing in the garden among the bean-poles that day when Mrs. Poore returned. He looked up, saw her coming, and came with his hoe for a cane to meet her at the stone wall.

Mrs. Poore’s heart had its misgivings as to what her husband would say to her new charge.

“ See here,” said she, “ see what I have brought you.”

“ What, Mary ? ”

“ Good Luck.”

“ Well, Mary, we have need enough of good luck, but how happened the boy to come home with you ? The poor are always good to the poor ; the best friends they have ; but did none of the rich folks offer to take the boy home ? ”

“ Yes, all.”

“ And you offered him a home, too? ”

“ Yes, and he wanted to come.”

“ Well, Mary, you are a good woman, and I have nothing to say. We’ve got nothing to depend upon but the Lord, and five can depend upon him as well as four. I don’t expect anything in this world, and blessed are those that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.”

“ But I do,” said Mrs. Poore, “ now that I have taken Good Luck. In helping him, I am going to help you and myself. If you want help, help others, that’s the way.”

Just then ‘Squire Jones came along and Mrs. Poore and Good Luck went into the cottage.

“ What do you think my wife’s gone and done? ” said Mr. Poore to the ‘Squire. “ She’s been and taken a boy — Fayerweather’s boy — humpbacked, too. These women are curious now, ain’t they? ”

“ You deserve to go all to the poorhouse together.” Indignant ‘Squire Jones strode away.

“ Say, ‘Squire,” said poor Mr. Poore.

“ What? ”

“ We ain’t goin’. We’re goin’ to have good luck.”

The two children, Jimmy and Jenny, were delighted

that Good Luck had chosen their mother to be his mother, and deemed it the greatest possible honor. Mr. Poore treated the boy very kindly, and Good Luck was very happy indeed. And all the birds were singing.

Summer passed. The birds ceased to sing; the orchards became russet and red with apples, and the maples turned red, and oak-trees brown.

Shady November came; then frosty December, with complaining winds and light snows.

Mr. Poore had had his usual accidents and losses. His potatoes blasted, the bugs ate his squashes, the frost killed his peppers before they turned red. Then one of his pigs died, and he had neuralgia in his neck.

Christmas week came.

“Well,” said Mr. Poore to his wife, as they sat down one evening alone to their sweet apples and porridge, “the boy has been here almost six months, and I would be sorry to part with him, but he hasn’t brought us any good luck yet. Misfortune goes right on, one thing followin’ another; does seem’s so the Fates were against us, and I was born under an unlucky planet. Jimmy will have to go into the woods and help the woodchoppers this winter instead of to school, and Jenny must go to braidin’ straw, and give up her education. Such bright handsome children as they are, too. If some



“JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE.”

people had the bringing up of Jimmy they'd make a President of him. Why not? Abraham Lincoln was President."

It was an old New England town. There were many families of intelligence and means in it, and many young men had gone from it into business or to college. The latter always returned to their bowery old homes at least three times a year; on Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas. All these people had most kindly memories of the Fayerweathers, and even of old "Molly," with her wonderful intelligence and her *jingle, jingle, jingle*. In fact most visitors to the town used to inquire about "Mother Fayerweather" while the latter was living, and about little Good Luck after he went to live with the Poores.

Christmas makes all mankind brothers, and often prompts good hearts to be charitable in very curious ways. This Christmas seemed to lead all the visitors to the old houses to inquire about Good Luck, and at a church party on Christmas eve, it was arranged to make him a visit on Christmas night, and to give a surprise party to the Poores in return for their kindness to the boy, and the boy's parents' good hearts and charities in the days of *jingle, jingle, jingle*, and the boyhood times now passing away.

“A very lean Christmas we’ll have to-day,” said poor Mr. Poore as he sat down to the table on Christmas morning; “porridge for breakfast, one little rabbit for dinner, and nothin’ for supper, and no presents for any of us, although we be as good as anybody. It does seem as though the Lord had forgotten us.”

The snow was falling. Sunbeams were falling with the snow, and the day bid fair to be pleasant.

“Oh! let us try to be thankful,” said little Mrs. Poore.

There was red sky in the evening. The cold moon rose, and the woods stood white in the silent light.

The family gathered around the tallow candle.

“It is Christmas night,” said Mr. Poore. “Let’s do somethin’ — let’s roast some apples and pop some corn — then, Mary, you shall read a chapter, and we’ll all go to bed.”

Jingle, jingle, jingle.

“There’s a sleigh coming down the road,” said Mr. Poore. “Somebody’s havin’ a good time Well, I’m glad fer ’em.”

Jingle, jingle, jingle,

Jingle, jingle, jingle.

“Sleighin’ party, I guess. Strange they should be

comin' this way. Well, they ain't comin' to see us, wherever they may be goin' to."

*Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle;
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle!*

"Goodness, Mary, get up and look out of the winder. There must be a dozen sleighs. What do you see — hey?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothin'. Why, the road must be full. Just listen."

*Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle;
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle!*

"There, do you call that nothin'? Let me get up."

Mr. Poore went to the window. The young people followed.

"I don't see anything," said Mrs. Poore. "There's a lot of people, though — there, coming along under the trees up the lane, and every time they stop to laugh, they go — *jingle, jingle, jingle.*"

“ And they’re comin’ here,” said Mr. Poore, “ they’re comin’ here. What can they be comin’ here fer? I don’t owe ’em anything.”

“ I’m afraid ” — said Mrs. Poore.

“ What, Mary? ”

“ They ” —

“ Well? ”

“ They ain’t humans.”

“ Sho! — they can’t be comin’ to do us any harm; if they be spirits they be good ones. Just hear ’em laugh now.”

*Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle;
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle!*

“ They look like people with strings of sleigh-bells on to ’em, just like Fayerweather’s old horse, ‘ Molly.’ Perhaps they’re comin’ to see Good Luck — who knows? Like enough it be the spirit of Fayerweather’s old horse.”

“ Horses don’t have spirits,” said philosophical Mrs. Poore.

“ How do you know? ” said Mr. Poore. “ I always kinder thought old ‘ Molly ’ had.”

“Hush,” said Mrs. Poore, “they’re coming.”

Rap, rap, rap.

“Who be ye all?”

*Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle!*

“Come in, whoever ye may be.”

A dozen or more merry young people rushed into the cottage, and filled the room. They were gaily dressed, and each one had around the breast, worn like a soldier’s sash, a string of sleigh-bells. There were some six or more young gentlemen and as many young ladies.

“We’ve come to see Good Luck,” said the Esquire’s son, “and to wish you all a Merry Christmas.”

Then they all laughed merrily, and as often as they laughed, the bells all seemed to laugh too, in a kind of melody.

They had brought a present of books to Good Luck, a Christmas cake to Mrs. Poore, and a bundle of clothes for Jimmy, and a package of bonbons for Jenny.

“Christmas never came here before,” said Mr. Poore. “What’s brought you here?”

“Good Luck; his mother was such a good woman.”

“But what made you think of us?”

“You are so good to Good Luck,” answered the

'Squire's son. "Now, Mr. Poore, is there nothing we can do for you?"

"Massy — no."

"But you have to work hard, and earn little."

"Yes — I suppose so."

"You know about the opening of the box factory. Wouldn't you like a place there as overseer? It would be an easy place, the pay would be good, and it would help your wife in making a better home."

"Massy, what luck! Yes, I would."

"Well, I have come to offer you the place," said the 'Squire's son.

"Massy, what luck!"

"Well, the factory opens the first Monday in January. Salary twenty dollars a week."

"Twenty dollars a week. What luck!"

The young people all laughed:

*Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jingle, jingle, jingle!*

"Do you want to know what these bells remind me of?"

"Yes," said the 'Squire's son.

“All those good things old Molly used to carry, and old Fayerweather to give away. Sort of an echo — are you sure that you are all livin’ bein’s, or are you old Fayerweather’s ghosts, and the like o’ that? Spirits of people he used to help?”

“*Jingle, jingle, jingle,*” was the only answer.

“I have been thinking of late,” said the ’Squire’s daughter to Mrs. Poore, “that since you have taken Good Luck, we might let Jimmy come and live with us, and send him to school. Father is at the Legislature now, and is away most of the year. We want a boy in the house, and we would give Jimmy his education for his company.”

“Massy, what good luck!” said Mr. Poore.

Mrs. Poore threw her apron over her head and began to cry.

At that, the young people in sleigh-bells all laughed again, *jingle, jingle, jingle!*

The “jingle party,” which had been gotten up in memory of poor old “Molly’s” benevolent journeys, left the cottage early, but the Poores sat up until midnight to talk it over.

The Poores are prosperous people now, and Mr. Poore said to his wife recently on a summer day:

“I can hardly believe it, Mary—since you brought that boy home, and set things to goin’ right what luck we have had; our luck turned then, now didn’t it, Mary? Christmas never came to us before.”

“Yes,” said Mary, “this is a good world.” The poor woman following the habit of the old hard years threw her apron over her head and began to cry—but her tears were those of joy.

And all the birds were singing.

THE CHRISTMAS CROWNING OF
CHARLEMAGNE, A. D. 800.

IN the ancient cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, France, there is a tomb of wonderful historic interest. The traveler thinks of it as he enters the solemn edifice, and beholds in the dim distance the chancel oriel burning with mysterious splendors.

“CARLO-MAGNO,” reads the inscription. It is the tomb of an emperor, one of the greatest who ever wore the crown of the Cæsars — Charlemagne!

He was King of the Franks, of the peoples of Middle Europe and the nations of the North; he conquered the Saxons, and in tremendous struggles defeated all foes, until at last the Alps and the Baltic, the Rhine and the Rhone, were alike parts of his splendid empire. He conquered the Saracens of the South; he added crown to crown, kingdom to kingdom, until Europe lay at his feet.

At the Easter Festival in 774, he visited Rome in splendor. A great procession came out to meet him, headed by the Pope. The people hailed him with hallelujahs, the children waved green branches, the

clergy in princely vestments sang: "*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!*"

In the year 800, he was summoned to Rome. The cardinals said: "Let us honor this most powerful Defender of the Faith with a grand Christmas gift — the crown of the Roman world."

The Pope and clergy prepared for Christmas ceremonies of the most joyous and imposing character. It was arranged that though Charlemagne should reach Rome before Christmas, he should have no knowledge of the coronation that awaited him. The clergy, nobles and people were to assemble. When he should come into the church to attend mass, and should bow his head to receive the wafer — then he should be suddenly crowned and hailed Emperor of the World.

It was one of the most poetic events of history. The Christmas day came, a beautiful day out of the skies of Italy. The Emperor entered the church in humility, and bowed before the altar. Suddenly Pope Leo uplifted the crown of the Roman world, and set it upon his head. There arose then a great shout of joy. Clergy and nobles exclaimed in unison: "Long live Charles Augustus, Crowned of God, Emperor of the Romans!"

Christianity possessed Europe now. The Bethlehem Star, shining its eight centuries, lighted all the lands.



THE CHRISTMAS CROWNING OF CHARLEMAGNE, A. D. 800.

THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR, A. D. 1066.

CHRISTMAS has been an eventful day in English history.

English life and literature are alike full of reference to William of Normandy; to-day proud English nobles boast that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror. The conquest of England by William reads like romance. He left the fair-skyed duchy of Normandy in September, 1066. His fleet, gay with pennants and gonfalons, numbered a thousand sails. His own ship had silken sails of many colors made by his duchess and her Norman maidens. On its prow a gold boy pointed towards England. Its banner was three Norman lions.

Young Harold, the English king, prepared to resist the invasion. William landed his army and marched to Hastings. Here the two armies met. The English forces, all-confident, passed the night before the battle in feasting, young Harold little dreaming that this revel under the October moon would be his last banquet. In the morning Duke William rode forth from the Norman

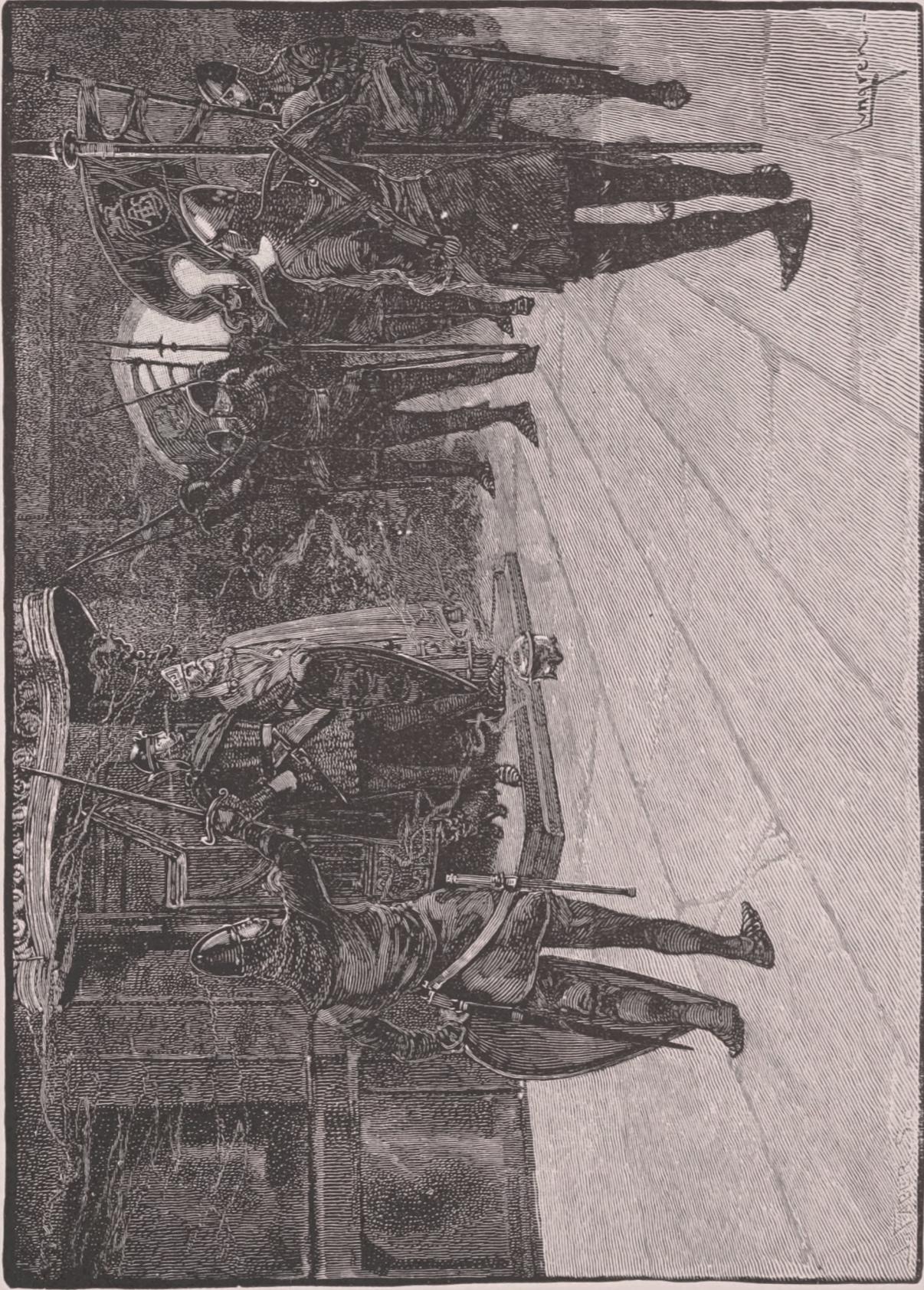
camp on a beautiful Barbary horse. The standard of the Three Norman Lions was borne after him. His army advanced, singing the great war-song of Roland.

The fight began early on that golden October day. William's beautiful horse was killed. His soldiers, supposing their king wounded, wavered. "I am living," cried Duke William, "and I will conquer!" And that night the standard of the Three Norman Lions waved over the field. Young Harold was found dead. His body was identified by one who loved him, the swan-necked Edith. "*Infelix Harold,*" they inscribed on his tomb.

William hastened to Westminster to be crowned while the conquered people were helpless through fear. It was a Christmas Day. The English in London had expected to celebrate the festival in the Abbey, but the Conqueror demanded the church for his coronation. He surrounded it with battalions of Normans. He entered it with his barons, and the coronation rites began. The ceremony was interrupted by a tumult without that ended in a slaughter of his new English subjects.

But the Christmas crown of England did not bring joy to the Conqueror. He is said to have been a most unhappy and remorseful man.

Dark were those days; but the Star of Peace and Good Will was still shining.



THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR A. D. 1066.

THE CLOCKS OF KENILWORTH.

“The clocks were stopped at the banquet-hour.”

AN ivy spray in my hand I hold,
The kindly ivy that covers the mould
Of ruined halls ; it was brought to me
From Kenilworth Castle, over the sea —
O, Ivy, Ivy, I think of that Queen,
Who once swept on her way through the oak walls
green,

To Kenilworth, far in the gathering glooms,
Her cavalcade white with silver plumes.

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,

O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true !

O, Ivy, Ivy — I see that hour.

The great bell strikes in the signal-tower,
The banners lift in the ghostly moon,
The bards Provençal their harps attune,
The fiery fountains play on the lawns,
The glare of the rocket startles the fawns,

The trumpets peal, and roll the drums,
And the Castle thunders, "She comes, she comes!"

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,

O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

But hark! the notes of the culverin!

To the Castle's portal, trooping in,
A thousand courtiers torches bear,
And the turrets flame in the dusty air.

The Castle is ringing, "All hail! all hail!"

Ride slowly, O, Queen! 'mid the walls of mail,

And now let the courtliest knight of all

Lead thy jeweled feet to the banquet hall;

A thousand goblets await thee there,

And the great clocks lift their faces in air.

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,

With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,

And thou dost cover their castle's mould,

O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

O, Ivy true, O, Ivy old,

The great clocks stare on the cups of gold

Like dreadful eyes, and their hands pass on

The festive minutes, one by one.

—“ Dying — dying,” they seem to say —
“ This too — this too — shall pass away,”
And the knights look up, and the knights look down,
And their fair white brows on the great clocks frown.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle’s mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

On the dais the Queen now stands — and falls
A silence deep on the blazing halls;
She opes her lips — but, hark! now dare
The clocks to beat in the stillness there?
—“ Dying — dying,” they seem to say —
“ This too — this too — shall pass away!”
And the Queen looks up, and with stony stare
The high clocks look on the proud Queen there.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle’s mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

Then the dark knights say, “ What is wanting here? ”
“ That the hour should last ” — so said a peer.
“ The hour *shall* last!” the proud earl calls;
“ Ho! Stop the clocks in the banquet halls!”

And the clocks' slow pulses of death were stilled,
And the gay earl smiled, and the wine was spilled,
And the jeweled Queen at the dumb clocks laughed,
And the flashing goblet raised and quaffed.

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true !

But time went on, though the clocks were dead ;
O'er the dewy oaks rose the morning red.
The earl of that sun-crowned castle died,
And never won the Queen for his bride,
And the Queen grew old, and withered, and gray,
And at last in her halls of state she lay
On her silken cushions, bejeweled, but poor,
And the courtiers listened without the door.

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true !

The twilight flushes the arrased hall,
The Night comes still, and her velvet pall
Of diamonds cold drops from her hand,
And still as the stars is the star-lit land.

Men move like ghosts through the Castle's rooms,
But the old clocks talk 'mid the regal glooms :
—“ Dying — dying,” they seem to say,
Till the astrals pale in the light of day.

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

O, Ivy true, as they listen there,
On the helpless Queen the great clocks stare
And over and over again they say,
“ This too — this too — shall pass away.”
And she clasps the air with her fingers old,
And the hall is shadowy, empty and cold.
“ Life! life!” she cries, “ my all would I give
For a moment, one moment, O, Time, to live!”

They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true!

On her crownless brow fell white her hair,
And she buried her face in her cushions there :
“ One moment!” — it echoed through the hall,
But the clock stopped not on the arrased wall.

— There is a palace whose dial towers
Uplift no record of vanishing hours,
Disease comes not to its doors, nor falls
Death's dusty step in its golden halls.

And more than crowns, or castles old,
Or red-cross banners, or spurs of gold,
That palace key it is to hold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, kind and true !

AT RUNNYMEDE, A. D. 1213.

THROUGH the darkness the Christmas Star still breaks its way onward. For England there was a long, gloomy period. King John — that Herod who doomed Prince Arthur, that English Innocent, to be murdered because the boy had the right to the throne, — was ever an oppressive and bloody man; and at last the English barons agreed to compel him to give a promise that their rights should be recognized and protected. This revolt of the barons against their king was the beginning of English liberty. They met on November 20, 1213. They placed their hands upon an altar and solemnly swore, one after another, that should King John refuse to grant a Charter of Rights, they would not only withdraw their allegiance, but they would wage war against him. This act was the English Declaration of Independence.

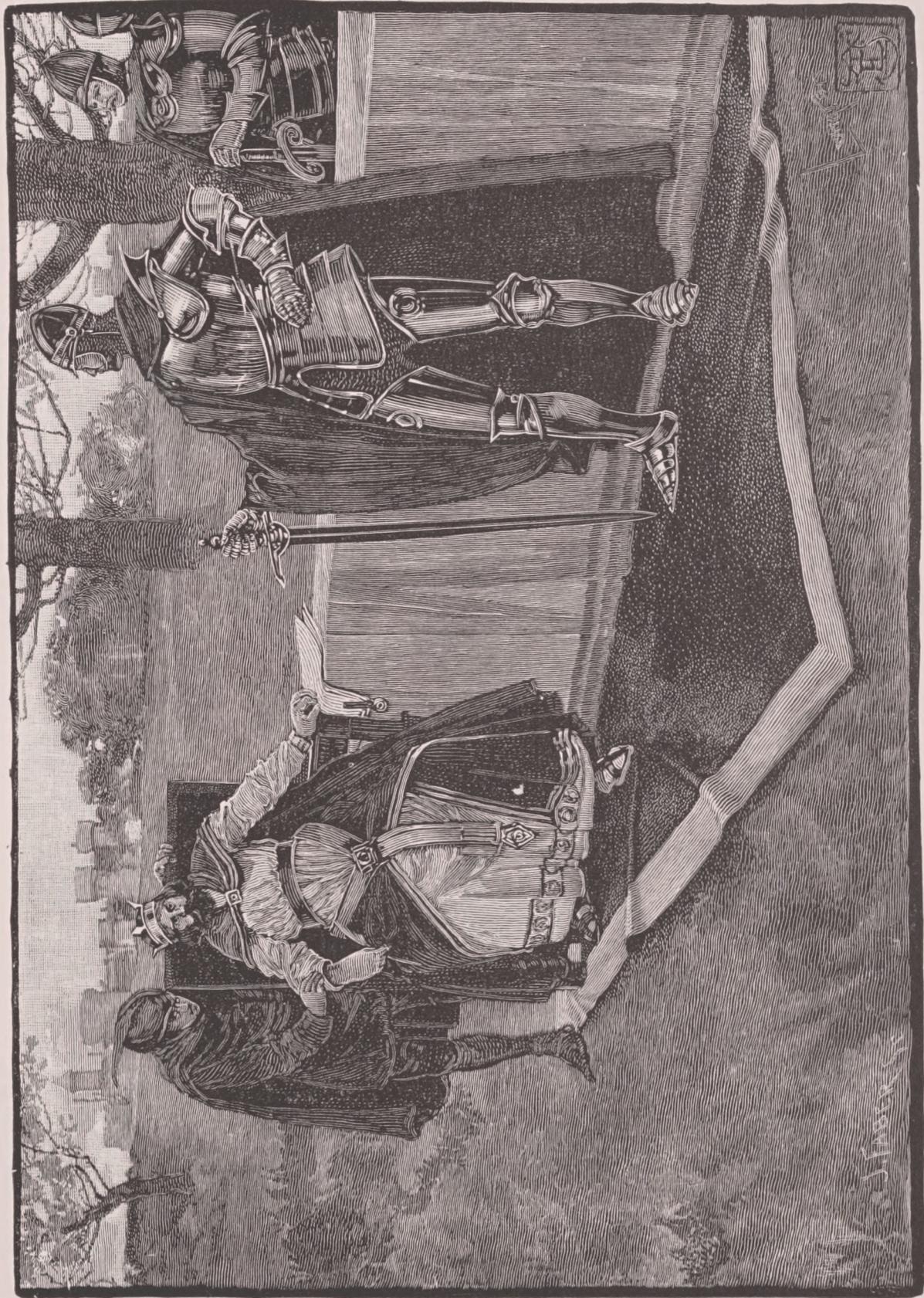
The king was soon shown a sign of their feeling. Christmas Day came. King John waited in vain at his royal hall in Worcester for the barons to come and pay him the customary Christmas homage. It was a day of dark moment to him. At night glad Christmas lights

blazed in many an old baronial castle, but the glory had departed from the halls of the tyrant king. He read his impending fate in the silence and gloom. He fled to London. He shut himself up in the fortress of the Templars. But the barons followed him there. On the day of Epiphany, they haughtily presented themselves, — not with allegiance, but with demands for the Charter. “Give me until Easter to consider this,” the king said at last with paling face.

At Easter the barons again appeared before him. “Why do they not ask for my crown?” he said. “I will not grant them liberties that would make me a slave,” he added angrily.

The barons summoned their knights. The king found himself deserted by his nobles and his people. After gloomy delay, “I will grant the Charter,” he said sullenly; and he grudgingly named time and place, Runnymede, June 15. That day became famous in English history, for King John, however grudgingly, kept his word.

Four centuries later, on another Christmas day, 1688, the English Parliament called the wise and good William, Prince of Orange, to accept the English crown. So, through the years, light and gladness were growing for the people.



AT RUNNYMEDE, A. D. 1213.

“NO CHRISTMAS! NO CHRISTMAS!”

THE first “Still Christmas” in England occurred in 1525. Henry the Eighth was king, and he had not yet forfeited the respect of his subjects; but great political events were at hand.

In December the King was sick. The nation was filled with anxiety. It was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one; there were no carols, bells or merry-making.

Silent Christmases were proclaimed in the Protectorate of Cromwell. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of the emblems of the Nativity was held to be seditious.

The change was most notable in London. There was silence on the Strand. The church bells were still. St. Paul lifted its white roofs over the Thames, and Westminster Abbey its towers, but the tides of happy people in holiday attire no more poured in and out of those ancient fanes. The holly and ivy no more appeared in the windows of the rich and the poor. The Yule fires were not kindled, nor the carols sung.

Bells indeed rung out on the frosty air, but how different from the chimes of old! They were the hand-bells of the heralds in simple garb passing from street to street and smiting the air and crying out:

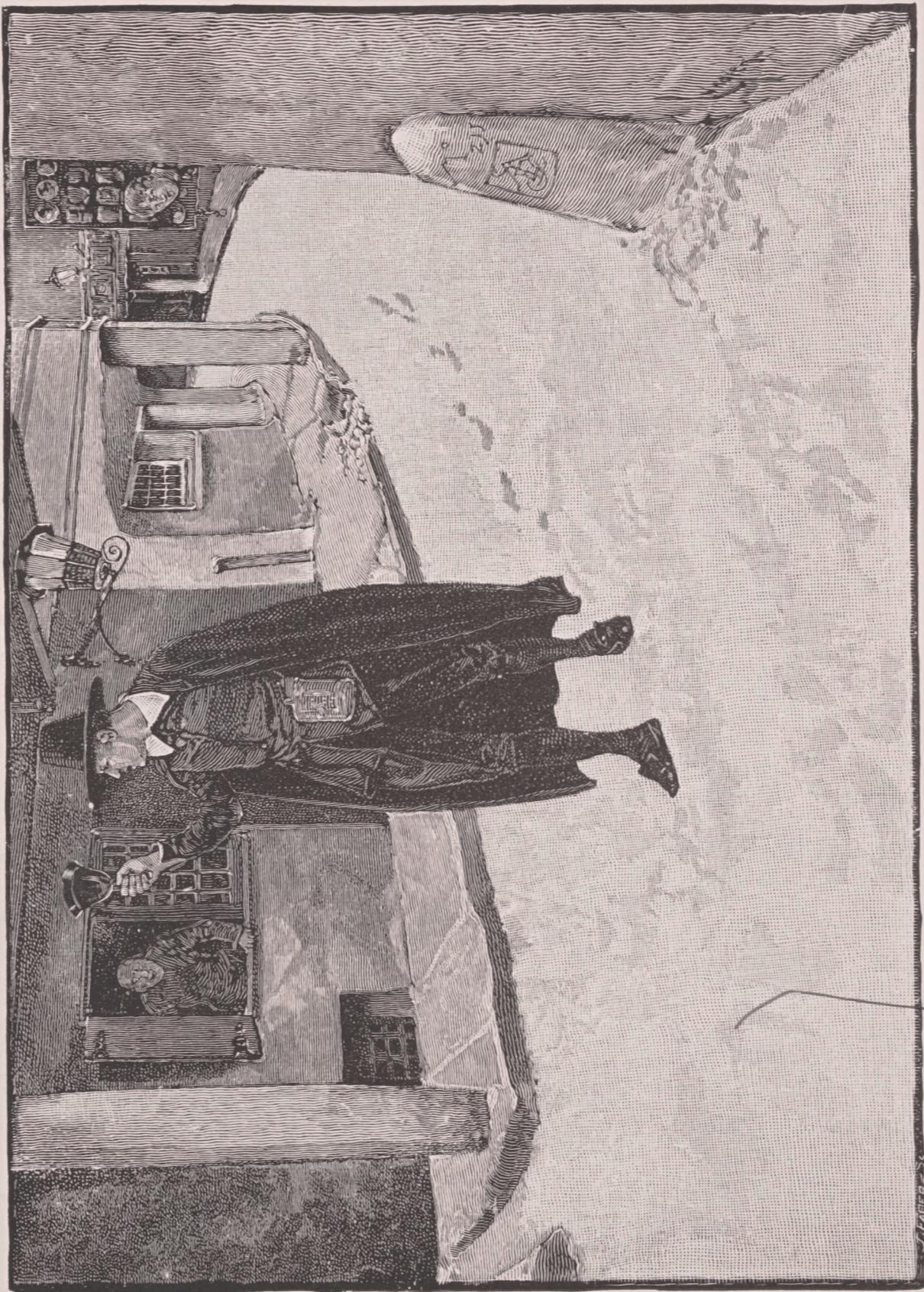
"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

Heads filled the windows and figures the doors. Crowds stopped on the corners of the streets and in the squares. The cry went on:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

It smote the hearts of those who loved the old ways and customs. But the spirit of the time was not lost. In the silence of the long procession of English festivals, the law of Christ was not the less obeyed. It was a period of great morality and fruitful piety. A period when the nation was conscientious and strong. The Star of Bethlehem was still shining.

A great change followed the Restoration. The Christmas bells rung out once more. The waits again sung their carols at the gates of the old feudal halls. There were merry-makings under the evergreens. It was at one of the Court Christmases of these years that Charles knighted a loin of beef, and gave it the name of "Sir Loin." The festival in the days of this "merrie monarch" became a revel, after the Puritan silence.



“NO CHRISTMAS! NO CHRISTMAS!” — IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

“ ’T WAS CHRISTMAS ON THE DELAWARE.”

I N abbeys green that ring and chime,
In castles gray that blaze in air,
In palgraves' halls, in Rhenish rooms,
In Rome's old temples' odorous glooms,
Are song and mirth — 'tis Christmas time —
'Tis Christmas on the Delaware.”

He spake — no star was in the sky —
He saw the misty torches glare,
He heard the ice floes grind the shores,
He heard the beat of muffled oars,
He heard the sea-gull's startled cry;
'Twas Christmas on the Delaware.

He once had heard the dual towers
Of Lincoln ring; St. Botolph bear
Its signal message to the seas;
And sung 'neath ivied lattices
And shared the grace of festal hours;
'Twas Christmas on the Delaware.

Now — ’mid the swirl of snow and sleet,
He saw the serried torches flare,
And ice-mailed men with silent tread,
The Minute Men of Marblehead,
Move past like ghosts — no war drums beat —

’Twas Christmas on the Delaware.

He was a parson, and he dreamed
As bent his head in silent prayer,
Of singing skies and Ephrata ;
Dark was the night without a star,
And yet faith’s star above him gleamed —

’Twas Christmas on the Delaware.

“ O men, ye may not know the way
Amid the wind and frozen air ;
But forward move, and dare the tide —
If not the way, ye know your Guide,
Though drums beat not, nor bugles play ” —

’Twas Christmas on the Delaware.

The foe, his Christmas revel kept,
Lay down ; his torches ceased to flare —
He heard the north wind trump and blow,
He heard the mad rush of the snow,
And closely drew his cloak, and slept —

’Twas midnight on the Delaware.

They passed — the white host dared the tide,
Led only by Faith's Star of prayer,
And victory won at dawn of day;
And when at night he knelt to pray,
The parson blessed the Unseen Guide,
The Pilot of the Delaware.

O Pilot Star of Faith, whose light
Illumines life's celestial air;
The Magi's camels leading on,
The frozen oars of Washington,
In cloud as in the azure bright,
The storm star of the Delaware,

Thou art the Light that will not set
As long as human feet shall fare!
When other lands their tales disclose
'Mid festive lamps and mistletoes,
Let not our nation's heart forget
The Christmas on the Delaware.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SANTA FÉ.

A GENOESE mariner believes himself born to carry the gospel of Christ to an unknown people and an undiscovered world, a world lying in the mysterious waters of the West. He travels from city to city seeking a powerful patron, until at Santa Fé in the south of Europe takes place the memorable meeting with the king and queen of Spain.

With an equipment of three ships he looses from Palos and sails to the mysterious waters whose secret shores no eye has seen. Golden days come and go; nights of calm, and new stars. Near midnight on the eleventh of October, 1492, he sees a light in the far horizon, knows his destiny accomplished, is sure God has fulfilled the prophetic meaning of his name — *Columbus*, the seeking dove. Morning comes; the New World stands revealed; he leaps on shore, unfurls the banner and cross of Castile and sings *Te Deums*.

The missionary mariner sails away again. He discovers Hispaniola, and here he and his followers offer the first Christmas devotions in the New World.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT SANTA FÉ. — IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Santa Fé, on the Rio Grande, was probably the place where the first Christmas anthem was sung in our own land. Coronado visited the region in search of the Seven Cities of Gold almost one hundred years before the *Mayflower* sailed into the Christmas-tide storm of Provincetown Bay. The Franciscan missionaries soon followed.

How poetic must have been the first Christmases in the new-born town! The mission church is surrounded with mountains whose summits are covered with eternal snow. The sun of the fitful December day goes down leaving every peak a colossal monument of light and splendor. Evening's curtains fall. It is vespers. Down the light ladders of the pueblos come the descendants of a race unknown, and make their way to the church. Music tells the tale of the Virgin and the Child. Then arises the *Gloria*, and it floats out, like a breath from the Bethlehem angels over the mighty solitudes that are to become the habitations of the dominant race of the world. The moon rises over the mountains and turns into whiteness pueblos and chapel. In the bright air stands the mystic sign of the cross like a shadow, and there ascends heavenward in the silence the sweet words, in the Latin tongue, "*On earth, peace.*" The star that shone over Bethlehem and the nations of the East, has risen upon the West.

IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER,

A. D. 1620.

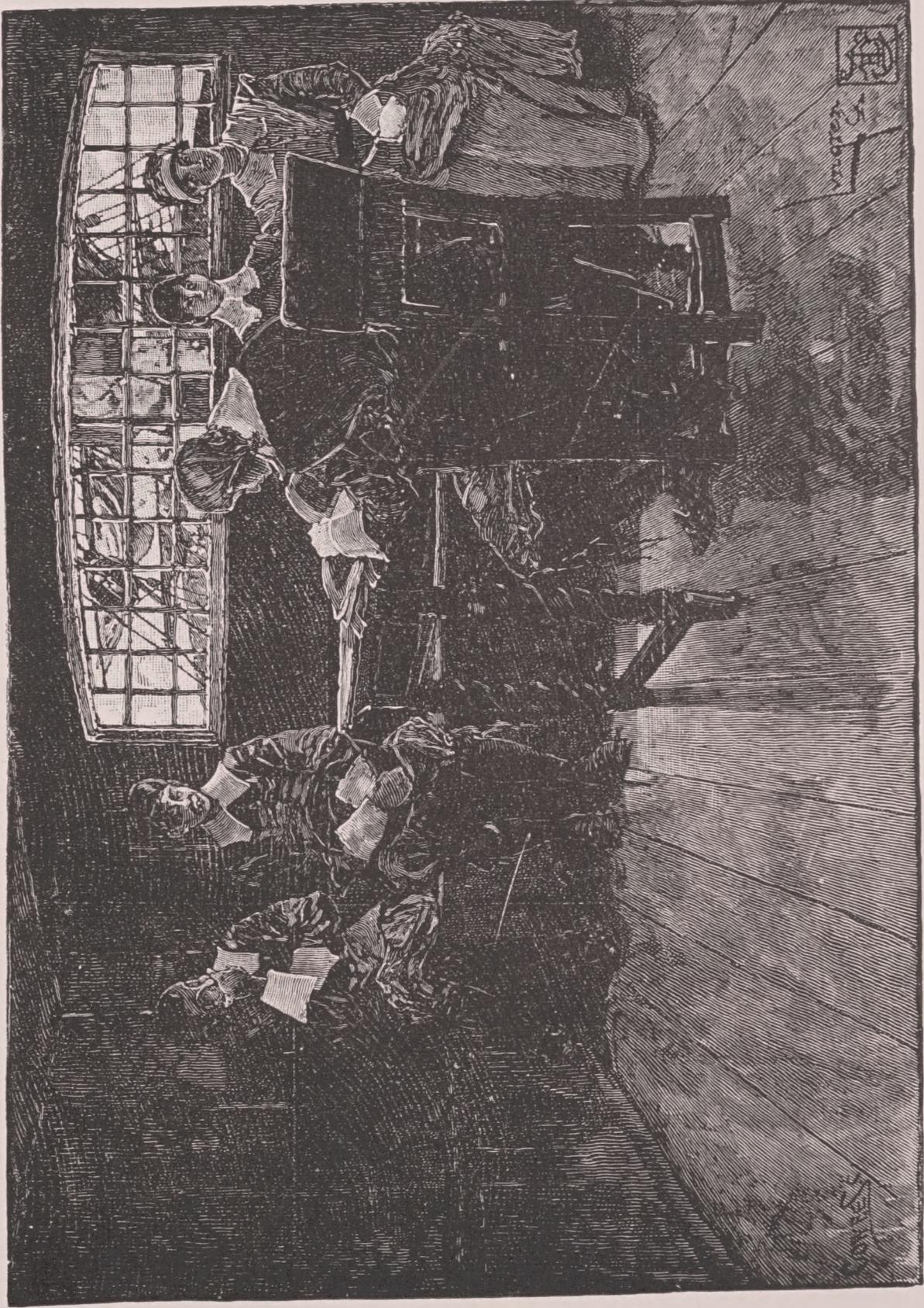
SO the Christmas Days of the New World begin. Champlain died in the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, on Christmas Day. The French Christians celebrated the day at Port Royal, Canada, and in all the settlements of New France.

The Christmas of the *Mayflower* was a doubtful and dreary day — a day of toil and hardship. Christmas night brought a storm of high wind and rain, the vessel tossed, and although Puritans in sentiment and life, the Pilgrims must at the evening Bible-reading, have thought of the sweet chimes of Lincoln, the white-crowned towers of the brightly-lighted English fanes, and the glad household festivities of the home-country.

In the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* may be found the following extract :

Munday the 25th day we went on shore to fell some timber, some to rive (hew), and some to carry. So no man rested all that day.

Munday the 25th, being Christmas Day, we began to drink water aboard, but at night the Master caused us to have some Beere, and so on board we had diverse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all.



IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, A. D. 1620.

The Pilgrims were severely temperate, but on the rocking ship, with the wind beating against, and the rain freezing upon the masts, the Master of the ship, his heart warming with the memory of the Merry Christmases of Old England, proffered to his stern and sorrowful passengers the best cheer he had at command. To this, it would seem, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish did not object, although they would not allow their men to pass the Christmas in idleness and ease, when some of the men asked for a rest on the ancient holiday. We may imagine the scene under the swinging ship-lamp of that tempestuous night, and we must feel a thrill of friendliness and gratitude towards the Master of the vessel in whose heart stirred the Christmas sentiment, even if it could find no other expression than a draught of "beere."

There were dark and silent Christmases in the times of the Puritans. But the natural joy and glad observance of the gladdest event in the annals of earth soon began to grow; and now under the light of the Bethlehem Star which rose eighteen centuries ago, all we in the wide West keep Christmas.

Shine on forever, O Star!

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN OF COLUMBUS IN
THE NEW WORLD. 1492.

SALVE Regina,
The world is at rest;
Salve Regina,
The waves are at rest,
Salve Regina,
On land and on sea,
We are exiles from home,
But not exiles from thee.

*Salve, O Salve,
Bright Star of the Angels,
Salve, O Salve,
Bright Star of the Sea ;
Wherever we roam,
On the land or the ocean,
We never, no, never,
Are exiles from thee,
Salve, Regina !*

Salve Regina,
The world is at rest.
Salve, O Salve,
Bright Star of the West,
Still "Ave" and "Ave"
We sing on the tide;
Still help our endeavor,
Still be thou our guide.

*Salve, O Salve,
Bright Star of the Angels,
Salve, O Salve,
Bright Star of the Sea;
Wherever we roam,
On the land or the ocean,
We never, no, never,
Are exiles from thee.
Salve, Regina.*

THE PILGRIMS' EASTER LILY.

THERE was a Soldiers' Fair in session at the always busy Horticultural Hall in Boston. It was full of enterprises for collecting money, and among the features was a floral booth, attended by some bright young people, at which the public were invited to vote for a National Flower. Other nations have national flowers; England had her Roses, and has her Thorn; France has her *Fleur-de-lis*, Scotland her Thistle, and Ireland her Shamrock; our country has as yet expressed no preference — what shall the flower be?

The pretty attendants at the booth wore each the flower of her choice. The English rose, the French lily, the Scotch thistle and the Irish clover were so presented, but each received only a few ballots. The favored candidates were the Mayflower, the golden-rod, and the *fleur-de-souverance* (the forget-me-not). The golden-rod was elected and became the princely plume of the day.

One of the young ladies who presided at the fragrant booth seemed much disappointed at the unhistoric result. "It should have been the flower of the little

Pilgrim Republic at Plymouth," she said. "That would have had some significance, like the Glastonbury Thorn on Weary-All-Hill; Plymouth is our Isle of Avallon."

The girl, whom we will call Mary Cushman, had evidently been well instructed by the Young People's Course of Lectures in the Old South Church. Her historical remark seemed lost on the others, who only knew in a general way that the Glastonbury Thorn stood for early Christianity in England, and that the Isle of Avallon was the scene of the most heroic and picturesque of the King Arthur legends.

"The Mayflower," she continued, with feeling, "was the Easter Lily of the Pilgrims; the flower of promise that brought them hope."

"But," said one of her companions, "the Pilgrims did not observe Easter, and I imagine that they cared as little for flowers of any kind. They were men of immense consciences and little hearts. What sentiment would the simple Mayflower have had for them? Just look now at that doughty old precisioner, Miles Standish," pointing to a picture of the Duxbury Captain on the wall. Mary looked, and her friend lightly added:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

"Let me tell you to-night one of our family traditions," said Mary. "It may change your mind."

"You are a descendant of Mary Allerton, I have heard," said the other. "The name is a pretty one, and I know that the great gathering of her descendants about her grave a few years ago was a very poetic event," she added.

"Precisely. It is of Mary Allerton that I have a legend to tell," said Mary.

That evening Mary Cushman related the legend to her friend.

It was a bright morning in the early spring of 1621. The sun rose warm, and the blue waters under a clear sky stretched away along the pine-clouded neck of land now called Cape Cod, but then known as Cape Malabarre, or Malabarre Bay.

"Let us go out and hear the robins," said Bartholomew Allerton to his sister. "These robins are not like ours in England, but after a winter of nothing but storms, hunger, disease and death, I am grateful enough to see anything bright, or to hear any cheerful sounds."

The two went out of the little log house and walked to the top of Cole's Hill. They were there joined by

one of the officers of the *Mayflower*, who was a relative of the Allertons.

The Hill lay in the warm sunshine, covered with green grain. Half of the Pilgrims had died during the winter, and their graves had been made here, and the place had been sown with grain early so as to hide the burial spots from the Indians. Here almost daily there had been silent funerals under a cold, gray sky and often amid wind and snow. Here slept lovely Rose Standish; here the father and mother of lonely Mary Chilton, and here was the recent grave of the noble wife of Winslow.

“It makes my heart turn sick to pass this field,” said the sailor. “But we shall sail for England in a few days; this will be my last Sunday in port. I hope never again to see an English colony landed amid winter snows to die of hunger and hardship.”

“It is over now,” said Mary Allerton. “There is a wonderful brightness in the air, and see the hazels!”

“What Sunday is this, Mary?” asked the sailor.

“They call it Easter Sunday in England. Elder Brewster might speak of it as the Sunday of the Pass-over here.”

“Easter Sunday, Mary! I can fancy that I hear the old bells of England all ringing, and see the happy groups tripping gaily along to the open churches with flowers.

Mary, would you not like to return with me in the *Mayflower*? Both you and your sister Remembrance?"

"My father would never consent," said Mary.

"I am not so sure of that. He should see that it would be best. We have relatives who are rich, and who would give you an education. Think of a girl like you growing up in a wilderness, or dying and being buried like an animal in a wheat field! Mary, who in the wide world will ever know of those who sleep there, or care aught for their lives or their graves?"

The young officer pointed back to Cole's Hill that they were leaving. Mary Allerton turned, and her eye followed his finger.

"Who?" he repeated.

Tears filled her eyes. "Perhaps I will live," she said gently. "Perhaps I will live if I stay, and perhaps they did not come here and suffer and die in vain. The future will tell. We know they died in the faith."

"Out upon such graybeard's cant, Mary!" interrupted her cousin with vexation. "In England it is certain that you would have a rich home and an education. You might live to be old, and you would be happy and respected. I am going to talk with your father, Mary, and ask him to let you return. May I?"

"Oh, Ralph, let me think of it. Let me think of it

alone, and see what my heart seems to say to me. I will speak with you again about it after church."

"After church!" said the sailor with a laugh. "Do you call that a church?"

His finger swung round in the air, and Mary's blue eyes followed it. There stood the little log meeting-house, with its thatched roof and defenses.

"Hark, Mary!" he went on.

"What?"

"Don't you hear the Easter chimes of Lincoln, all ringing?"

Mary felt the sting of the sarcasm. "Oh, Ralph, what if that little log church should prove the mother of hundreds of churches — it may be, if we are true! All things are possible."

"Mary, you are a fool."

"But, Ralph, mother always said that she was glad that she came."

Her eyes filled with tears again. Mary Allerton, the mother, slept near Rose Standish in the field of green grain. They had not spoken of that as they had passed the place.

"Why was she glad, Mary?"

"She said that she trusted the future. It all would end well" —

"And she lies there," interrupted the young man.

They passed slowly down the hill. The bluebirds' notes were heard in the air. The robins sang. The woodpeckers tapped the hollow trees. There were

golden cowslips in the pools, and an odor of sassafras was in the air.

They came to the woods of oak, pine, holly and hazel. Under some pine boughs there was a long line of snow, the remnant of a great winter snowdrift.



THE FIRST MAYFLOWER.

Mary Allerton suddenly stooped to the ground.

"See, Ralph, there! the Mayflower!"

"Where?"

"In the snow."

The three young people stopped in silence. There,

lining the remains of the snowdrift, was a long fringe of flowers whose odor filled the air.

"I must pick some," said Mary, "and take them with me to meeting. I wish that my mother could have seen them before she died. These flowers speak."

The young officer laughed. "You forget that you are a Separatist, Mary. Flowers do not belong to your church."

But Mary gathered her bunches of Mayflowers and they went back. The great guns of the Common House rose above them. Feeble forms came out of the little log houses, followed by young people and children. They passed along toward the meeting-house to hear Elder Brewster preach on that Easter morning, the young officer turning away as they came near.

"What shall I say to Ralph after the sermon?" asked Mary of her brother.

"What you like, sister. I will tell you privately that I shall one day return to England. Follow your own heart."

They met Mary Chilton at the door of the meeting-house.

"Mayflowers?" said the motherless girl.

"Yes; I will divide with you," said Mary Allerton.

The two girls, Mary Allerton and Mary Chilton, both

of whom had been bereft of their mothers during the season of disease, went into the church together, and sat down side by side. It was the Mary Chilton who is famed to have first landed on Plymouth Rock.

How simple was the room in which this religious service on Easter Sunday was held! How different from Lincoln Cathedral with its crown of towers that these worshipers used to see in the spring air, melodious with bells; or the high tower of St. Botolph's Church in old Boston, holding its lantern over the sea, or even the old exhortation room in the ancient archiepiscopal palace in Scrooby! The seats were split logs, the roof was forest grass, and there was no grand pulpit or choir. Half of the Pilgrims who met there at the first service were now gone: the Chiltons, Rose Standish, Mary Allerton, the mother, Elizabeth Winslow.

There was one hymn for an Easter anthem, to those who remembered Easter. It began:

"God is the refuge of His saints,
In straits a present aid."

The clerk led the simple tune. The second stanza was touching and tender:

"There is a stream whose peaceful flow
Supplies God's city fair."



“HE WHO MAKES THE MAYFLOWERS TO BLOOM AMID THE SNOW WILL CARE FOR ME.”

The door stood partly open letting in the sunlight. Without, the robins were singing, as they always sing in the warm light of the April days. The Mayflowers, under the thick mantles of Mary Allerton and Mary Chilton, filled the room with fragrance, already odorous with decaying pine boughs.

Elder Brewster arose, saintly and patriarchal. The sermon was long. The subject was The Hebrew Spies who from a want of faith brought an evil report of the land of Canaan. No allusion was made to Easter in the sermon, but hope was in it all.

“This week,” said the clerk, after the discourse, “opens the doors of promise. The birds are singing, the flowers are prophesying. Last week God sent the great Indian Chief to us, and we concluded a treaty of peace. I feel that for us Christ is risen indeed, and that the earth is blossoming under his feet. He comes to us in the Mayflowers.”

The words were like those of Robinson, the old Leyden pastor. Mary Allerton caught their spirit, as she had already caught the like prophecy from the Mayflowers themselves.

The service over, Ralph met her at the door. It was high noon, and the sun was like summer.

“Shall I talk with your father, Mary?”

"About returning?"

"Yes."

"No, Ralph, no."

"Why?"

"The Mayflowers say no. My life shall bloom in the snow, like them, or I will die, like my mother."

"And never hear the old Easter bells of England again?"

"Ralph, I believe that the bells will one day ring on these hills if we are true. To have a true heart is more than life, and to die for others is to live." She was only a girl, but she spoke like a woman. The great sea rolled in the distance before her, and in the distance, too, lay the *Mayflower* in the clear sunny air.

The two looked toward it, the young girl and the sailor — Ralph's finger pointed to the ship that lay like a skeleton on the steel-blue bosom of the bay, with furled sails and flagless masts.

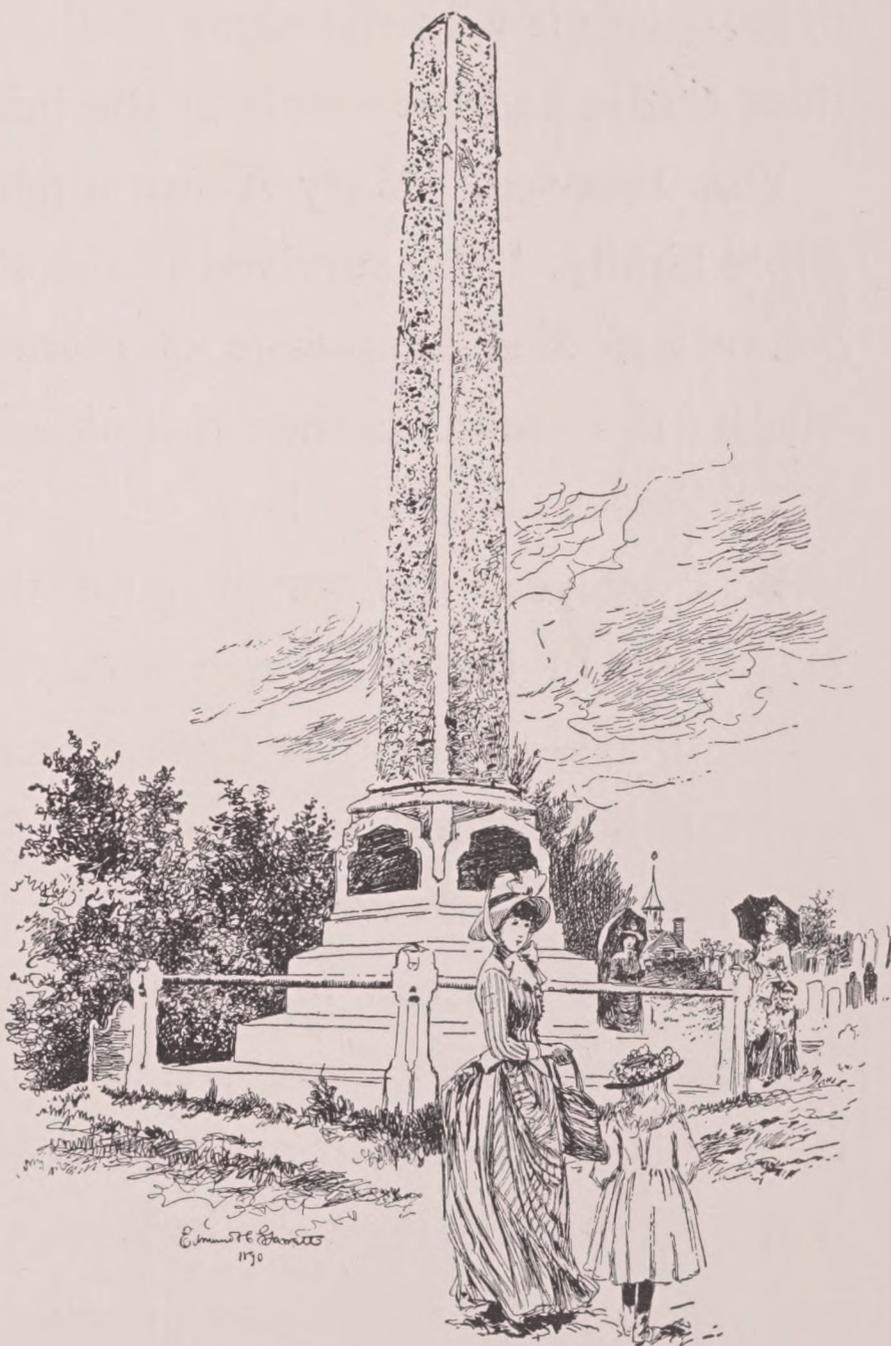
"No, Ralph, no! I cannot tell what may befall me, but He who makes the Mayflowers to bloom amid the snow will care for me, and do with me as pleaseth Him best. I shall never hear the Easter bells of Lincoln or old Boston ring again, nor breathe the English violets or the thorn, but the Mayflower is with us here, and the bells of God will ring on these hills if we are true; one

day they will ring. Mark my words, one day they will ring; and I will never carry away from my mother's grave any evil report of the land, not even by example."

They parted. In a few days the *Mayflower* spread her white sail and lifted her flag, and faded away like a bird in the sea. They watched the disappearing sail with tears, those Pilgrims, from the green graves of Cole's Hill.

The Pilgrims daily gathered the Mayflowers. They could hardly tell why. The blossom seemed to mingle with

their thoughts of the dead, to prophesy good to them and to comfort them. The maples reddened, the yellow cowslips flooded all the running streams; the blue



THE MONUMENT TO MARY ALLERTON.

violets came amid the white, but the Mayflower had a meaning to the Pilgrims that was breathed by the fragrance of no other blossoms. They had called it the Mayflower from the old English thorn, and they came to associate it with the name of the ship that had been their cradle and the cradle of the infant nation.

Years passed. Mary Allerton married and reared a noble family. She survived all the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* and died at an age of more than ninety years. She lived to see churches rise on all the great hilltops and hillsides along the Bay.

Year by year she watched for the blooming of the Mayflower in the snow, and told the tale of the early springtime — when that flower had appeared like an angel of hope amid the snows at the very borders of half the colony's graves.

The little Pilgrim republic unconsciously chose the Mayflower for their flower; it meant to them Fidelity. It ought to become our national flower. Ought it not? It was our father's rainbow that followed the ark — God's finger of promise that wrote in the snow.

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On September 16, 1858, the descendants of Mary Allerton Cushman were gathered around her grave on Burial Hill. They came from nearly every State in the

Union. They there uncovered a monument twenty-seven feet high, by far the most conspicuous memorial in that hallowed spot, to which pilgrimages will forever be made. It was a day of bright skies and golden leaves.

The next Sabbath some of her descendants, who had remained in Plymouth for a few days, went up on the Hill and sat down amid the gray stones and mossy mounds.

The bells began to ring, Plymouth, Duxbury; in the far towns along the Cape, and in a long procession beyond the ear, to the great chorus of Boston. They were sweeter tones to those ears than the chimes of Lincoln or old Boston could ever have been to Mary Allerton had she returned. The golden-rod bloomed amid the old gravestones; the *fleur-de-souverance* was there, but the pilgrims to that old grave thought only of the Mayflower that blooms in the snow.

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